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FREE SCHOOLS.

W [The following is an extract from a very able and interesting report made before the Connecticut State Teachers' Association, at New Britain, in May, 1856. It was prepared by M. T. Brown, Esq., the accomplished Principal of the Webster School, New Haven, and is worthy of careful perusal.—RES. ED.]

FREE SCHOOLS came into New England with the first band of Puritans, landing on Plymouth Rock. Flying from intolerance and persecution, those stern men sought that freedom in the undisturbed forests of a New World, which was denied them in Europe, then full of the old civilizations. They brought with them the high qualities of that race which has taken the lead of the nations,—which, coming from the shores of the Baltic, more than ten centuries since, poured new life into the failing veins of the Briton, and has converted the small island “moored off the shore of Europe,” and which formed the remotest out-post of Roman conquests, into the seat of an empire more imposing than imperial Rome in the height of her glory.

This race now own at least one-sixth part of the habitable globe, and their power controls perhaps a fifth part of all the inhabitants thereupon. Their language is the language of civilization—more freemen speak it than speak with all other tongues,—it is as aggressive as the spirit of the race,—gradually it is gaining the mastery over all other languages. Two centuries ago and not *two millions* spoke with an English accent; *now* it is heard in every quarter of the globe. It contends in our country, with the Spanish in Mexico,

drives before it the French and Russian at the north—it is heard in all the isles of the Pacific and the new continent of Australia welcomes it. The language of Shakespeare and Milton bids fair to absorb all other idioms and to be in the future the *universal tongue*.

It is a marked characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race that it carries with it its institutions, both political and religious;—it does not accept the prevailing forms, but imposes its own idea upon other races and men. This has been so from the time when Horsa and Hengist massacred the Druid priests in the forest of Britain, and imposed the worship of their bloody Gods, *Thor* and *Woden*, upon the simple inhabitants, until now, when under a higher state of civilization, we peacefully impose Christianity upon the nations “lying in darkness.”

Thus the English government, in India or China, still holds its subject, and the church and laws of England, are carried by her people into whatever land commercial or industrial pursuits may tempt them.

Our Puritan fathers brought with them to America, the ideas, both political and religious, which they could not get organized into institutions in Europe. The charter of the Great American Republic, it is no exaggeration to say, came across the Atlantic in the *May-Flower*. Yes! in that frail vessel which a kind Providence guided across a wintry ocean, its precious freight sorrowfully escaping trials at home too hard to be borne, came the men, who before they landed, signed this memorable compact: “That we will submit to whatever just and equal laws and ordinances may be thought convenient for the general good.” A compact which history must regard as “The seed corn of that Republican tree, under which millions of men now stand.” There is a moral *heroism*, an *unselfish devotion to duty*, in the sacrifices and trials of these men. More than two hundred years ago their feet pressed the shore of an unknown world. The spot where they landed is sacred ground. How strange the simple history reads, of that landing at Plymouth, “numbering only one hundred and one, including the women and children.” John Carver is chosen Governor, and fearing the savages, Miles Standish is chosen military leader. Divided into nineteen families, they immediately began to fell trees and construct houses, in which to find shelter against the rigors of the winter. But their exposure was great and they had but a slender stock of provisions. In the first five months they lost more than half their number. The agreement signed on board the *May-Flower* was the basis of their legislation—the settlers

coming together in a General Assembly to enact laws. For ten years the colony struggled and had at the end of that period only three hundred persons. The eye of prophecy could hardly foretell the future greatness of the Republic thus planted by devoted men. A Republic which should more than rival the power which drove them in derision and scorn out of Europe. A Republic lying in the heart of a continent—bounded by the oceans—full of seeming life—more than realizing the inspired vision of the Patriarch: "Lift up now thine eyes and look from the place where thou art, northward and southward, and eastward and westward, for all the land which thou seest to thee will I give it and to thy seed forever."

I have thus adverted to some few of the characteristics of the Puritans and of the race from which they sprang. I ask your attention, in a few remarks, to the consideration of an institution, founded by their wisdom and sustained by them under peculiar disadvantages. I refer to the "*Free School*."

I shall make brief reference to the *origin* of the "Institution" in Connecticut, and in the early records of the two original colonies of this state, that of New Haven and Connecticut, we find ample evidence that their founders regarded the school as second only to the church as a means to train up the people to intelligent thought and action. The school appears, some how, to be a necessity in a Protestant community. It cannot be otherwise, as a protest without a reason is senseless. Luther's protest against the corrupt church of Rome, was an assertion of the right of man to do his own thinking in affairs of religion, and it implied far *more than this*—the right of every child to be so instructed that he might be able to think. "Send your children to school," said the great reformer, "and if they have to beg for a living you have nevertheless given to God a noble piece of timber out of which he will carve something."

The colonists bottomed their faith on the Bible. They contended that every man was able to judge for himself in its interpretation. Such a belief necessitated the establishment of schools, that all might be taught to read the Scriptures. So that we are not surprised to know that when Mr. Roger Ludlow, in April, 1646, the highest legal authority then in the colony, was requested "to compile a body of laws for the government of this commonwealth," he introduced several important enactments under the titles "*CHILDREN and SCHOOLS*," which remained on the statute books for one hundred and fifty years, a continual memorial of the good man's efforts.

With this hasty view of the policy and designs of the founders of

the commonwealth, I shall now ask your attention to a few thoughts upon, 1st, *The present condition of Free Schools in America.* 2nd, *Some of the dangers that threaten their existence.*

First, then, a glance at the present aspect of Free Schools in this land and State :

It will not be denied that since the Revolution our educational progress has not kept pace with our progress in the *practical arts*, agriculture, manufacturing, locomotion, &c.

As a people we are exceedingly material. No nation works so steadily or so many hours in a day. The economic maxims of Poor Richard are better known than the beatitudes. Our children at school love arithmetic better than the other studies, for by it they hope to gain success in business. This materialism is not to be wondered at; it will be different some day. We are a new people, in a new country. Literature, the fine arts, painting, sculpture, and music, are the growth of many years. Some day we shall excel in these. The development of the state is the same as in the individual—first the body grows—then the intellect—then the moral or highest faculties. So in the nation, through the material it works slowly upward towards the intellectual, and on to the love of the highest and best. As yet we care little for culture for its own sake. We make our children scholars that they may get on better in their profession or business. Hence the teacher is not duly appreciated, nor his labor sufficiently rewarded. I do not complain that this is so, no more than that the child creeps before it can walk—it is a necessary incident of our growth. In no country has science been applied so grandly to increase the material comfort of the people. We own more miles of railroad than all the world beside. The telegraph flashes thought from the Congress at Washington to the outermost limit of the Republic. The father of waters and the great lakes, together with a complete net-work of interlacing canals and railroads, are the highways upon which the grains of Iowa and Wisconsin, the cotton and sugar of Louisiana, and the cloths of Lowell and Lawrence are, by a great system of exchanges, carried to the doors of the people. The railroad mounts upon its level way an army of men, more men in each car than came over with Elder Brewster in the May-Flower, and whirls them through cities and villages, across streams and prairies, swifter than a swallow can fly, more than realizing the fabled speed of the winged messenger of the gods! The mountains are tunneled, valleys are filled up, rapid streams are spanned, and it is no vision that men shall see as in a dream, but

they shall see with open eyes the great commercial city of the Atlantic salute the Queen of the Pacific, "situate at the entry of the sea," and rivaling the fullness of Tyre in her costly magnificence.

But in this great march of progress, in developing the physical resources of the country, How is it with the education of the people? Do we remember, in our haste, the eternal truth that "knowledge is power." That men, *intelligent* and *thoughtful*, constitute a state, and not railroads, and banks, and mines? That our form of government is founded on the *thought* of the people, and that its worst enemy is popular ignorance? What gives New England her superiority over the South? and America over Russia? Is it number? Russia swarms with nomadic hordes of men. Is it climate? she is in nearly the same climatic zone with us. Is it material wealth? her mountains are full of ores and her plains bear the wheat that in times of want supply all Europe. It is none of these. They are not the sources of our power! To the educated head, heart and hand of the free man do we owe our greatness among the nations. The most eloquent orator since Henry Clay, pleading for his father-land then crushed by the brutal hand of Russia, said in New York city: "In my opinion it is not your geographical position, not your material power, not the bold, enterprising spirit of your people, which I consider to be the chief guaranty of your country's future, but the universality of education, because an intelligent people can never consent not to be free." Hear what Mr. Rantoul says, one of those rare men, who honored Massachusetts by his active service on the first Board of Education: "Free schools have not yet exhausted their power. They are as yet only the rudiments of an Institution designed to mould anew the character, to create anew the fortunes of the nation. He who measures their influence starts back in astonishment at the magnitude of the results already realized. He who considers what their influence might be, is no less astonished at the waste of our means and the neglect of our resources." He further adds: "I hesitate not to declare my undoubting conviction, that throughout New England we do not reap one-tenth part of the harvest of benefits which our schools are capable of yielding us. I know and I pledge my reputation on it, that a boy twelve years old and of average capacity, can be taught more of useful knowledge, better business habits, and better intellectual and moral habits, in *two years*, than our children ordinarily acquire between the ages of four and sixteen."

Teachers! can this be said of Connecticut to-day? It was said

by Mr. Rantoul, of Massachusetts, before Horace Mann had finished his labors in that State, urging that great reform, which has made Massachusetts first in the rank of States.

Connecticut is richer in material forces, according to her population, than any of her sister States. Yet she cannot afford to be ignorant! Were she to expend one million of dollars annually for the next twenty years, in the education of her people, she would be one hundred millions richer by the expenditure. We shall see a model State when we get tired of reducing the riches of soul and intellect to a mere *metallic standard*. When shall that be?

NO CROSS—NO CROWN.

The following poem by Sheldon Chadwick, is taken from his volume of poems just published in England:

'Twas eve, and in a lonely room
A student sat in sombre gloom,
Twirling his fingers in his hair,
Like one in reverie,—or despair.
Before him lay an open book,
Sadness was in his languid look;
And as he traced the pages o'er,
Four golden words his spirit bore—

No cross, no crown!

Around in deathlike silence, stood,
The forms of many great and good—
Prophets, martyrs crucified;
Stern patriots who for freedom died;
And poets, who died desolate,
Scanning the wondrous scroll of fate;
While glory round their foreheads shone,
He read upon their lips of stone—

No cross, no crown!

Sometimes his noble spirit turned
Towards fame's pillar as it burned,
And oft he judged his efforts vain
To cross the burning bars of pain;
He groaned in agonized distress;
Life's cup was dashed with bitterness;
And then he thought of those of old,
Who carved in brass those words of gold!

No cross, no crown!

His soul would sometimes droop her wing,
When envious arrows sped the string;
But, like the tempest's martial strains,
His country's voice thrilled through his veins,
And, heedless of the critic's ire,
His heart glowed with immortal fire;
And, like a man in earnest, he
On thought's Patmos toiled wearily—
No cross, no crown!

And thus he wrote his spirit's strings
To music's rare imaginings;
To love and freedom, truth and right,
Justice and mercy, gods of light!
Oh! cheerful fell those golden words
Upon his worn heart's tender chords;
In death those words his spirit bore—
And chants them still for evermore—
No cross, no crown!

This be the motto of the brave,
And this the watchword of the slave;
The patriot's with the people's scorn,
The martyr's with his garland's thorn.
Whoever seeks to win a name,
Whoever toils for freedom's fame,
Whoever human tears would dry,
Let this forever be the cry—
No cross, no crown!

ONE YEAR AGO, TO-DAY.

[This article was intended for our January number, but came too late. Its allusions will readily be understood by all Normals, and it may possess a *peculiar* interest for those who may, for the first time, meet in the Normal Hall on the 15th of the present month.—RES. ED.]

How many memories, upspringing, stirred by some slight incident, from the mirrored depths of the Past, sparkle and gleam on the surface of the Present, as brightly fresh, as they did one year ago to-day.

One year ago to-day and we too trod the "Normal Hall" in "Junior" (second!) dignity, as many are doing now. And we wonder if they feel as *we* did, "A year ago to-day." There are many strangers there now, and we *know* (?) how *they* feel. Alone in

a crowd! With nothing to do but count the throbbings of their own hearts, keeping tumultuous time-beatings to the quick rush of hopes and fears, dread and distrusting, through their bewildered brains, vainly striving to "keep tally" of the established routine of the classes, exercises, etc.

Perhaps some of them came a day or two late, and sit no-where-in-particular, and between fears lest they encroach on somebody's pre-established rights; wondering what they are expected to do; and whether their neighbors "over-the-way" are laughing at them; and vague surmises of what is to come next; find themselves in a most uncomfortable state of mind, which is not much relieved when the request comes from the desk that "All who have not yet been examined will please pass to the 'North Recitation Room.'" Then came the necessity of *moving*, with an intense consciousness that every eye, as we passed down the aisle, was scrutinizing the pattern of our collar, and counting the rows of trimming on our sleeves, which lacked three of the established standard. We wonder, too, if they were equally ignorant with ourselves, of the points of compass, as we stood in the corridor in amazed bewilderment, staring at each silent door, surmising what we should be likely to encounter, provided we opened the wrong door.

When once in, the interminable black-boards, with ghastly lines of appalling questions, each one of which was just the one which we didn't expect, and was *the* one of which we were particularly oblivious. One girl cried over those questions when we were there. Then there was that little lady, the beloved of all who *know* her, who seemed gifted with omnipresence—we didn't know who she was then—who always came along just at the moment when you had finished your sheet—it *didn't take us long*—and who scanned your egregious blunders with the same imperturbability with which she gave directions for further proceedings; and in our consciousness of the absurdity of some of those "answers," we wondered if she *could* smile.

Again within "the Hall," we glance from the sea of heads around us, to the "Platform," with its array of teachers, and a something—we know not what—seems emanating from thence to reassure us, and the strange dread and weird lowliness, gives place to quiet curiosity or interested observations.

The "Post Office" seems already a friend. By its side the little brown box most provokingly ignores our inquisitive wonderings, but when an ominous little bit of folded paper mysteriously disappears

within it, misgivings come over me, visions of "Monitor's Reports," and observing friends' disinterested remarks.

There is a little round hole in the front of that box, whether made there to "throw light" on the conglomerate contents, or as a means by which curious people might satisfy themselves as regards the interior, we cannot say. Certain it is, however, that if it was the *latter*, it was a decided *failure, we know!*

But turning to the busy many around us, our self-distrustings return, and we "fall in" to the long line of pupils, as it "passes down," with our eyes fixed on the third palm leaf on the left shoulder of the dress of the lady in front and gaze so earnestly that when we dare to move them, every thing assumes the shape of a palm leaf, with a red centre and a green fringe.

The coming in was easier, and we sought our seat and watched the "old members" as they chatted cosily together, or talked familiarly with the teachers, and we thought the time would be long before *we* should do that. A few of them considerably came and endeavored to make the new comers feel at home, and to introduce them to others. Their kindness will be long and gratefully remembered. May it sometime be repaid! While to any "old members" now at the school, we say, "Go thou and do likewise," for we speak from our heart. We were strangers once. But that was "A year ago to-day."

A whole long year has passed, and "fifty-seven" now puzzles the pen long used to "fifty-six." Another year, or as Professor Camp would say, another "Book" has been added to our Library of Life, its three hundred and sixty-five pages close written and full, save here and there, perhaps, where we have paused to "turn over a new leaf." With its "Preface" of bright hopes, good resolutions and earnest purposes, and its "Appendix" of vain regrets, repentant sighings and remorseful tears. And the seal of the Great Librarian has been affixed, that nothing may be taken from or added thereto. But the clasp is left free that memory may read daily lessons of warning and trust from the record of "A year ago to-day." E. M. S.

POWER OF KINDNESS. No man has ever measured it, for it is boundless; no man has ever seen its death, for it is eternal. In all ages of the world, in every clime, among every kind, it hath shone out a bright and beautiful star, a beaming glory!

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For the Common School Journal.

A CHAT WITH MISS PRIMER.

BY GRACE GRANGER.

THEN you think you will not subscribe for the Common School Journal do you? You would like to well enough, but really you have not the money to spare, and besides you have no time to devote to its perusal. As soon as your pupils are dismissed for the night you love to turn your thoughts to some more agreeable subject. The New York Ledger and Waverley are very interesting papers, and the reading of them—to say nothing of the popular books to which you have access—occupies most of your spare time, so that the Journal, if subscribed for, would possibly remain unread, which of course would be a real waste of money. I am not surprised Miss Primer, to hear you speak thus, for I visited your school last summer. Have you forgotten that visit? It was on one of those hot, sweltering days—a bad time for visiting a school I confess—but you certainly deserve credit for your stoical indifference to the extreme heat. Your pupils were allowed no relaxation from the headache positions you imposed on them. Not they! Where your discipline, had such been the case? With leaden eyes fixed in a vacant, stupid stare on the books you forced them to hold open, sat your first class, perfect specimens of order and good training. Your second were half of them doing penance for the crime of sitting sideways. One little fellow was tied to the stovepipe for going to sleep, and another sitting under the table for having made *mouths* to keep himself awake. As for yourself, dignified propriety was indelibly stamped on your every act. Not a breath did you draw, not a muscle relax, except in strict conformity to rule. Of course not. No sympathy for little *achebones* in your — *heart*, I should have said, were I not convinced that the article is out of your list of qualifications. No wonder your school room is so cool a place in sultry days. It could hardly be otherwise with so admirable a refrigerator as yourself. Your recitations were admirable. The classes each read around in course—or rather called off the words—after which the little ones responded to your what's that, that, &c., till they were disposed of with the injunction to sit still and be good. First class in geography were then called upon. Question and answer followed each other in quick succession, like the rattling of hail stones in a storm and with about the same effect upon their minds.

You told them they had done well and turned to your first class in grammar, who likewise went right ahead till they came to the parsing, which stumbled them, and you charged them to do better on the morrow. I will not attempt to follow through the other exercises. You are already aware that you are an excellent teacher and need no further praise of mine. Why should such a model piece of perfection spend her time and money for educational works? It may be well enough for new beginners to read such, but what interest for you can they possibly possess. I beg your pardon Miss Primer for having suggested the idea. When I recall that visit I wonder that I ever should have made such a proposition. A model teacher seeking for help in the wisdom and experience of others would surely be out of place. Oh! yes. And you, Miss Primer, are confessedly a *model* teacher. You was a perfect model the first season you attempted to teach. You have passed right along in the same footprints for five, almost six seasons, and for your part are well satisfied with your abilities. No, indeed, you will not subscribe for the Journal. Not you. It would be an unpardonable waste both of money and time. Inasmuch as the matter is far too precious to waste I will spend no more of mine in talking with you.

For the Common School Journal.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER.

OFTEN have I thought, as I have seen "The Teacher" going from the school to his boarding place, with down-cast looks and sad countenance, "What a hard time the teacher must have." He never gazes around upon the beautiful scenery, but has a thoughtful appearance. I well recollect when young and attending the district school, how one day, when I had been making the teacher trouble, she told me she wished me to remain after school.

The time came, and after all had retired she called me to her, and having read one of the chapters in Proverbs aloud, asked me if I thought I had done right that afternoon. Her manner struck me with surprise, for it was calm and pleasant as though I had broken a command of no importance, and yet I had, for I had done what would have provoked a less kind teacher to harsh words or else blows. I was not prepared for this. I had expected a sudden outbreak of feeling and had prepared, or rather braced, myself for it,

and had an insolent reply ready for the first question. I was completely broken and felt that I had deeply wronged *such* a teacher. I would have given worlds if I could have gone over that afternoon again, that I might repay those kind words. She waited some time for a reply. I could not have broken that silence, it seemed so impressive. At length it became almost unendurable. How I longed to have her speak. I could stand it no longer but burst into tears. She finally spoke, very calmly and quietly; so quietly that I was startled. She told me how much she was tried to see me acting so willfully, and that if I would still persist in it, it would grieve her still more. She stopped and was silent. I raised my eyes wondering and saw that her eyes were closed and that she was praying. I stood still thinking what to say, for I was now completely subdued, and ready to promise anything. I waited a moment and then spoke, beseeching her to forgive me. *She* had forgiven me, she said, and had prayed that God would do so. I inquired if it was necessary that He should forgive. Yes, she said, and then told me of the sin I had committed against God and how He had punished children for disobedience. I was alarmed and was afraid for what I had done. She said she would pray again and wished me to join her. This time I was alarmed, for as the words were meant for me, I felt a solemnity about it. She was one who was deeply moved and the prayer was most affecting. I was afraid for what I had done; I wept; I could not help it. She then dismissed me. As I went out of the door I saw that she was much agitated. The next day when I went to school she was not there. Soon a little girl came from her boarding place and told us she was sick and would not teach that day. I asked what was the matter. She did not know she said. I took my cap and went out into a lot back of the school house and thought. I knew I was the cause, for my conscience had accused me at first. I felt badly all day, and when the next day came I was early at school and waited till she came. She came, but how pale she looked! All that day I was as still as could be; and when night came and she smiled upon me I was richly repaid.

Now let no one say the teacher has no influence, for as a class I am ready to affirm that they are the noblest of our race. Often, when I have had willful scholars, have I thought of the scene which I have described, and wished that I had such an influence as that teacher had over me. I am now, even at this moment, softened down into feelings of grief and repentance when I think of her.

She is married now and is settled at the West, but I have often seen her with that same kind smile on her countenance, and have blessed her for it.

Let others endeavor to follow her bright example and learn that *kind* words are as easily spoken as *harsh* ones, and that they have more influence. If a cross word is spoken to a scholar it is apt, unless the teacher be a very superior person, to produce hard feelings, and after these are induced, *government* is very difficult.

Recollect, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." H. A. R.

DARK DAYS IN SCHOOL.

[Every teacher, who has had much experience, knows what we mean by "dark days,"—those days when all the machinery and all the exercises of the school-room seem quite "out of tune,"—and yet why or where, exactly, it is not easy to discover. Prof. Huntington, in an able and highly interesting lecture, thus speaks of such days.—*Res. Ed.*]

"It is in the experience of most teachers, I presume, that on certain days, as if through some subtle and untraceable malignity in the air, the school-room seems to have fallen under the control of a secret fiend of disorder. There is nothing apparent to account for this epidemic perversity. All the ordinary rules of the place are in full recognition. The exercises tramp on in the accustomed succession. The parties are arranged as usual. There are the pupils coming from their several breakfasts, bringing both their identity and individuality; no apostasy nor special accession to depravity over night has revolutionized their natures; no comparing out of doors has banded them into a league of rebellion. Yet the demoniacal possession of irritability has somehow crept into the room and taken unconditional lease of the premises. You would think it was there before the first visible arrival. The ordinary laws of unity have been suddenly bewitched. The whole school is one organized obstruction. The scholars are half-unconscious incarnations of disintegration and contraposition—inverted divisors engaged in universal self-multiplication.

"How is such a state of things to be met? Not, I think you will agree, by direct issue; not *point blank*. You may tighten your discipline, but that will not blind the volatile essence of confusion. You may ply the usual energies of your administration, but resistance is abnormal. You may flog, but every blow uncovers the needle-points

of fresh stings. You may protest and supplicate, and scold and argue, inveigh and insist; the demon is not exorcised, nor even hit, but is only distributed through fifty fretty and fidgety forms. You will encounter the mischief successfully when you encounter it indirectly. What is wanted is not a stricter sovereignty, but a new spirit. The enemy is not to be confronted, but diverted. That audible rustle through the room comes of a moral snarl, and no harder study, no closer physical confinement, no intellectual dexterity will disentangle it. Half your purpose is defeated if the scholars even find out that you are worried. The angel of peace must descend so softly that his coming shall not be known, save as the benediction of his presence spreads order, like a smile of light, through the place.

"If a sudden skillful change of the ordinary arrangements and exercises of the day takes the scholars, as it were, off their feet; if an unexpected narrative, or a fresh lecture on an unfamiliar theme kept ready for such an emergency, is sprung upon their good will; if a sudden resolving of the body into a volunteer corps of huntsmen, on the search of some etymological research, the genealogy of a custom or the pedigree of an epithet surprises them into an involuntary interest; or in a younger company, if music is made the Orphean minister of taming savage dispositions again, then your oblique and unconscious tuition has wrought the very charm that was wanted; the room is ventilated of its restless contagion, and the Furies are fled.

"Or if, as is more than probable, the disorder was in the teacher himself; if the petulance of the school all took its origin in the disobedience of some morbid mood in the master's own mind or body, and only ran over, by sympathetic transmission, upon the benches, so that he saw it first in its reflection there, of what use to assail the insubordination by a second charge out of the same temper? His only remedy is to fall back on the settled spiritual laws of his own being. He must try to escape out of the special disturbance into the general harmony. He must retreat, in this emergency of temptation, into those resources of character, principle, affection, provided by the previous and normal disposition of his soul. This he will achieve by some such process as that just specified, displacing the ground of a direct and annoying conflict by new scenery, and rather leaping up out of the battle with foes so mean than staying to fight it out on their level."

STORIES FOR THE YOUTH.

CONFESSING OUR FAULTS.

Nothing is harder than frankly and fully to acknowledge our errors. And yet nothing is more truly manly and noble, or more intimately connected with self-control, and all that is valuable in character. The prompt and ingenuous confession that we have done wrong, will, sooner than anything else, incline those we have offended or injured, to forgive us, and bring us to that state of mind in which we are prepared to be forgiven without injury either to ourselves or others. The following reliable fact affords an illustration.

"A high-spirited and naturally impetuous lad, on one occasion, under strong excitement, drew his knife in the school-room, and threatened one of the instructors. The teacher came to me after school, stated the case, and said that either the offender must leave, or he would. I sent for the boy to come to my study. He was the son of a widowed mother—candid, generous, and talented. I took him by the hand, and said, 'Edward, what have you been doing?' He burst into tears, and said, 'I have been doing wrong.' I said, 'Are you willing to go to your teacher and tell him you have done wrong, and ask his forgiveness?' 'Yes sir,' was the prompt reply. 'But,' said I, 'you have placed yourself beyond the reach of the ordinary means of discipline, and it will be necessary for you either to make such an acknowledgement to your instructor as will satisfy him, or be dismissed from the school. Are you willing to make your acknowledgement as public as the offense was?' Again he promptly replied, 'Yes sir,' an answer I scarcely expected. I said, 'Come to me again in the morning.'

"In the meantime, I saw the instructor, and asked him if he would be satisfied with a public apology. He replied that he would, if I thought that would be sufficient; to which I said it ought to be; that the ends of discipline might thus be fully met, and a happy influence exerted on the school. The next morning Edward came to my study, and I inquired how he felt on the subject. He said, 'I feel badly, and am ready to do whatever you wish.' 'Then said I, 'when the school is opened, rise in your place, and say to your instructor, and to your schoolmates too, that you did wrong in your language and conduct yesterday, and that you wish thus publicly to make an acknowledgement, and to ask for forgiveness.' It was done, with a clear and tremulous voice, and with such manifest sincerity that every word made its impression. Edward sat down to weep, and the school

was as silent as the grave. The teacher now rose, full of feeling, commended his offending, but now penitent, pupil, took him kindly by the hand, and closed most impressively a scene, the moral effect of which was more than electric, and which by those who witnessed it, can never fail to be remembered. The boy never forgot the lesson, thus taught him, while severity, or expulsion, might have proved his ruin. Both the pupil and his teacher are now faithful preachers of the gospel."—*Selected.*

A REAL HERO.

A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow on the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or porter, I forget which, and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction.

They were discovered, stretching forth their hands, screaming and imploring succor, while fragments of the remaining arch were continually falling into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman who was present, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat, and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, or being dashed against the fragments of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, was so great, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit.

A peasant, passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of oars, gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope. "Courage," cried he; "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the family and boat to shore.

"Brave fellow!" exclaimed the count, handing the purse to him.

"I shall never expose my life for money," said the peasant. "My labor is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife and my children. Give the purse to this poor family, who have lost all!"—*Selected.*

THE BOOK OF THANKS.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben!" cried Mark, "that I really must—"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia.

"No, look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book nearly full of writings, in a round text hand.

"Here it is," said Mark; and he read aloud: *March 8, Ben lent me his new hat.* Here again. *June 4, When I lost my shilling, Ben made it up to me kindly.* "Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good fellow, after all!"

"What do you note down in that book?" said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that ever are shown me; you would wonder how many they are. I find a great deal of good from marking them down. I do not forget them as I might do if I only trusted to my memory, so I hope I am not often ungrateful, and when I am cross, or out of temper, I almost always feel good humored again, if I only look over my book."

"I wonder what sort of things you put down?" said Cecilia; "let me glance over a page."

"Mrs. Wade asked me to spend the whole day at her house, and made me very happy indeed."

"Mrs. Phillips gave me five shillings."

"Old Martha Page asked after me every day when I was ill."

"Why do you put father and mother at the top of every page?" asked Cecilia.

"O, they show me so much kindness that I cannot put it all down so I just write their names, to remind myself of my great debt of love. I know that I never can pay it. And see what I have put at the beginning of my book; '*Every good gift is from above.*' This is to make me remember that all the kind friends whom I have were given to me by the Lord, and that while I am grateful to them, I should first of all be thankful to him."

I think that such of my readers as have ability and time, would find it a capital plan to keep a Book of Thanks; and may such as cannot write them down yet, keep a book of remembrance of past kindnesses in their hearts!"—*Independent.*

BEAUTIFUL AND EXPRESSIVE. Alabama signifies, in the Indian language, "Here we rest!" It is said that a tribe of Indians fleeing from their enemies to the trackless forests of the South-west, arrived at a beautiful river, when the chief of the tribe struck his tent pole to the ground and exclaimed, Alabama! Alabama! Here we rest, Here we rest."

For the Common School Journal.

NORWICH.

SOME writer has said incontrovertibly, that "every person has a native place." He might have asserted with almost as little fear of contradiction, that every heart is prone to consider it a paradise. This sentiment is common to the Greenlander, in his under-ground cell, by the train-oil lamp,—to the African, amid his burning sands,—to the Highlander, on the wind-swept trosachs, and to the blast-defying hunter, in the wilds of Oregon.

My own beautiful birth-place, exhibited no such contrasts. Caressed by two rivers like a petted child, it wore the fairest drapery, while the sea flowed at such a convenient distance, as not to disturb it by its hoarse tones, though it softened the fervor of summer. Variety even to abruptness, marked the landscape. Here, beetling cliffs towered like a citadel, flanked by impregnable parapets. There, expanses of soft green rivaled the vale of Tempe. Lofty elms interspersed their umbrageous shade. Drooping willows wept into the streams. Every brooklet was like dancing crystal. The snow-drop crept out, and the sweet arbutus hid behind its broad leaf, and the gardens put forth early esculents, while in some surrounding counties the ice-bound soil yielded only to the ministries of the pick-axe. Broken ranges of hills, like those of the Campagna, tinted with purple, the far, faint horizon. Through their gorges played the wild minstrelsy of winds, when Winter held his court. Cottages perched like eagles' nests upon the crags, and patrician mansions luxuriated amid lawns of velvet. White sails spread their wings to the gale, and boats glided, like the gondelier, beneath bridges, and between islands of verdure. Steep declivities, with sand-stone faces, and crowns of evergreen, looked at themselves in the mirror which the crouching river held at their feet. Bold reverses, keeping attention awake, reminded you of the scenery of Scotland.

All at once, a quiet stream changes its character. It had wound its way through peaceful meadows, not resisting the kiss of the lowliest shrub that fringed its banks. It did not know of the antagonistic principle in its nature, till the rocks withstood it. Then it rushed upon them with fury, uttering like Demosthenes a stormy eloquence. It gushed out in eddies of a milky whiteness—it tossed foam and spray upon the trees, reproaching them for the neutrality that could stand by and give no help. Wearied and wounded, it crept in complaining cas-

cedes through a channel of rugged rocks, like "Damien's bed of steel." Compressed between opposing precipices, it seemed almost to stagnate at their base, gathering blackness, like the river of despair. Gazing into its depths, one might inhale a Lethean spirit, and lose the imagery of passing things. But anon, unchained, untroubled, it spread out broad, and free, forgetting its conflict and its trouble, and reflecting the smile of the skies.

It is evident that I have spoken of the falls of the Yantic, *as they were*. The traveler amid the transmigrations that surround him, would look in vain for aught answering to this description. In the vicinity of the cataract that was to our childish eyes, a Niagara, streets are rising above streets, and masts hang over ware-houses. The stately trees, whose trunks were covered with deeply carved names, and lover's knots, have disappeared, and mill-wheels dash passionately, in Nature's once secluded sanctuary. The money-changers are in the temple.

There was a lone church, too, in the upper, old town, sheltered and shouldered by rugged ledges of rocks. It was of wood, and weather stained, with a tower neither imposing, nor symmetrical. Modern hands have seized it. A new race have made war upon its quaint, time-honored lineaments. It would be in vain to say to the pulpit, what was so often said from it, "*Know thyself*." Equally futile to ask, for the mighty sounding-board that overcanopied it,—those square, high-backed pews, on which it did so solemnly look down, or the tired urchins, who sometimes, with sly knives, defaced their little brown banisters.

I will not say that in visiting my birth-spot, it would be pleasanter to have found it, as in days of old. For our age is one of progress, and aims to put substantial benefits in the place of childhood's cherished memories. The true glory of every city, is like the jewels of the mother of the Gracchi—her children. Were there no other feature of distinction, I would fearlessly rest the praise of my own people, on what they have recently done, in the cause of education. From colonial times, this has received from them, commendable and gradually increasing attention. The school-house rose firmly among the rocks, and was often built of brick, when the dwellings of its patrons that surrounded it, were of less costly materials. During the last century, there was in the older part of the city, an endowed school, where it was required that Latin and Greek should be taught, which thus came gratuitously within reach of all the people. But the chief gem in their crown, is the Norwich Free

Academy, which was organized last autumn, and has now prosperously completed its first term of instruction. No traveler of taste or philanthropy should pass it by unvisited. Both these departments of mind will be highly gratified, by the beauty and symmetry of the building, the order and advancement of the classes, and the adaptation of the accomplished Principal to his important office. A noble apartment exhibits an elegant Library, the gift of one of my own loved school companions, and to me rendered still more interesting and precious by the filial sentiment which has chosen to give it the name of her departed and venerated father. I was delighted with the liberality, that in a short time, and as it were by a single impulse, had from comparatively a few individuals, poured out nearly \$100,000 for this Seminary of Education. More than one gentleman contributed 10,000 dollars, without urgency and without ostentation. True patriotism pronounces it a good investment. And my heart says to itself proudly, "*these are my people.*"

There's many a kind of stock, they say,
To tempt the speculators,—
But what is safest held, and best,
Might puzzle shrewdest natures.
Wise Franklin praised, in days of yore,
Their philosophic measure
Who with their purse endowed the brain,
To earn enduring treasure.

Behold! the people of my love
His theory have tested,—
And, for their children and themselves,
A noble sum invested,
And by this dome, for knowledge reared,
Which no dark mortgage fetters,
Have, doubtless, made a race unborn
Their everlasting debtors.

And, as in old, historic times,
Though exiled or unnoted,
The Roman citizen, with pride,
His honored birth-place quoted,
So I, with quickened heart this day,
Warm orisons addressing,
Ask for these native rocks and dales
Our Father's richest blessing.

L. H. S.

MARTFORD, Conn., February 24th, 1857.

GOOD COUNSEL.

MR. EDITOR.—In the description of *General Ogle*, by Dr. Elder, in his *PERISCOPICS*—a very interesting book of sketches—he puts the following speech, which we commend to the special consideration of parents and others, into the mouth of the General:

“And there is the common school system that I have been laboring for until it is at last fairly on foot. See that you keep it alive, and make it answer the glorious purpose of its establishment. Don’t clip it down to nothing by your beggarly economy. I wish to the Lord that you understood thinking as well as you do eating, and could feel an empty head as painfully as an empty stomach. Can’t you understand that keeping money in your pocket is not saving it? A dollar in a buckskin purse won’t breed a sixpence in a hundred years; but employed wisely in the service of soul or body, it will bless the one and glorify the other. If you can’t see the *policy* of education, make a *religion* of it. The world of ideas is the world of spirits. Introduce your children there, for every good thought is a guardian angel to the dear little lambs. And don’t stop just where reading, writing and arithmetic can be worked into dollars and dimes. Carry them through and over this sordid world into God’s world—up to the circle of the heavens, where He sits governing the universe by His laws. Every discovery in the truths of nature is so far into the counsel and confidence of the Supreme Ruler. Only the man that has the mind of God is Godlike. Now, for Heaven’s sweet sake educate your children. * * *

Don’t cheapen your schoolmasters, till nobody but bankrupt cobblers, habitual drunkards, cripples, and consumptives, and such other incapables, can be got to serve you, for very shabbiness of the salary. Buy cheap store goods, if you like, for when they wear out you will know it, and can replace them; buy cheap provisions, and eat less of them; buy any thing cheap but cheap talents. Don’t venture upon that speculation, for you are no judges of the article; and the only way for you to insure the excellence of the quality, is by the liberality of the premium which you will offer for it; that will bring the genuine into the market, and the bogus will be clearly exposed by the difference of the ring, weight and shine.”

FOGS—IN SCHOOL AND ABROAD.

[Suggested by reading the communication of "H." in the February number of the Journal.]

Written for first half of February, 1857.

How dark it is in the school room. How disagreeable walking to get to and from the school-house. The mud clings to our feet so that much pains is necessary to secure for the floor a tidy appearance. The pupils cannot fix their attention on a subject and engage in good, earnest, hearty thought. The fog has in some way affected them; they are restless, listless, and uneasy; and frequently is an anxious eye turned wearily toward the clock to see if it's not *almost* four.

Such, perhaps, was the experience of many teachers. What is to be done. How keep up an interest in school duties on such a day? Introduce *variety*. Let them sing an extra lively song. It will be a fit time to introduce for familiar conversation the subject of *fogs*. Truths may thus be impressed upon the scholar's minds which shall be of lasting benefit to them, besides serving to make the fog a means of covering its own ugliness. Is the air heavier or lighter than usual? What can you tell of fogs at sea? What countries have most fog? What causes fogs? Whence do they come? Whither do they go? &c. &c. This topic might make an excellent subject for their next regular composition.

Impress upon them the thought that those scholars who can command their feelings and study with a will to-day, are most likely to be active, energetic, successful and noble men and women.

As we see an object through the fog magnified and distorted till it seems a monster, but which appears in its true proportions when approached, so our difficulties in the school room and out of it, lose their threatening aspect when manfully grappled with in close combat. The man who attains to any considerable elevation must pass through fogs, which, seen from the base of the mountain, appear impenetrable. But the man of *determination* fearlessly approaches, plunges into and passes through them; and, arrived at a higher stand-point, looks down with surprise upon the supposed almost impassable barrier, and finds a glorious view of the clear blue sky rewarding his toil through the darkness of the fogs of ignorance and superstition.

Teachers and pupils, the illustrious examples of the great and good invite us to work manfully through the fogs of life, that we may participate in the bliss which lies beyond. STEPHEN.

PHONOGRAPHY.

MR. EDITOR:—I am very willing to “communicate my conclusions,” as called upon by G. C. M. in reference to the rule given for writing a new language. I was about to say, for writing the English language, but would it be English, after all the changes wrought in it by phonography? I doubt. I accept his rule, as perhaps the best which can be given, viz., “*to spell as it should be spoken.*” And my conclusions are,

1. There is a difficulty in fixing the standard, and I suppose phonography then must wait till it is decided whose *spoken* “should be.” Englishmen will not forsake Walker. Americans are divided between Walker, Worcester, Webster, and Webster revised. G. C. M. I suppose will not take it upon himself to decide; and the Supreme Court in such matters has not yet made a decision that settles the point.

2. If G. C. M. had noticed the other words which I gave as samples, (purposely selecting but few) he would perceive another difficulty. When the same authority permits two different “should be spoken,” there will of course be two different phonographs, and the object sought is not attained. Phonography must then wait till this difficulty is removed before it can start.

3. The practical difficulty will still remain, that learners of every grade *will* take the pronunciation of their teachers, and those they think better instructed. Admit they ought not, yet every teacher has some peculiar pronunciation, every educated man also has, and thus learners would be continually led wrong.

To these difficulties, arising directly out of his rule, there may be added many others of a general character, which I did not notice before, and which I would not now, only to show G. C. M. what a Herculean task phonographers have undertaken, if they expect to make their system general.

1. They must destroy all the present printed books.
2. They must obtain general consent to give up the present system. “Will the Ethiopian change his skin?”
3. They must satisfy the literary taste that prefers to trace language to its roots by its own radicals.

These, with their sub-divided points, which might be extended or drawn out in detail, will start the commercial query, “will it pay?” And I very much doubt whether a shrewd Yankee will be disposed to invest largely in the speculation. Such an entire

radical revolution cannot be accomplished in many ages, and I again doubt whether a succession of enthusiasts will be raised up to press the matter through so many difficulties.

G. C. M. is disposed to blame those who have pressed very severely for the change. Now if I thought it a good one, I certainly would press severely for it. Perhaps if G. C. M. had pressed as severely as some others it would have made further progress; but I suspect that he and all his phonographic friends must press *more* severely still, ere it receives general sanction.

I shall be happy to receive further light on the subject.

W.

A THOUGHT FOR PARENTS.—Some one has truly said, "Childhood is like a mirror—catching and reflecting images of all around it. Let it not be forgotten that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips, may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface."

OFFICIAL DEPARTMENT.

TO SCHOOL VISITORS AND DISTRICT COMMITTEES:

Printed blanks, for District Committees, have been prepared to meet the requirements of Chapter VI. of the School laws.

These blanks have been sent in packages to the Acting Visitor of every town in the State. The Visitors are requested to distribute them as early as convenient, so that the Committee of each District shall receive one. The District Committees should fill them up, and return the same to the Acting Visitors, during the month of September.

In each package, a blank for the Acting Visitor is enclosed, with an envelope for returning the same to the Superintendent's office. The returns of Visitors should include a summary of the facts found in the District returns, with others to be obtained from the records of the Board of Visitors, or from the town records.

In addition to these statistics it is hoped that the Visitors will be able to make "a full annual report of the common schools, and of all the important facts concerning the same," as required in Section 3d, Chapter V. of School laws.

DAVID N. CAMP,

Superintendent of Common Schools.

Resident Editor's Department.

EDUCATIONAL PERIODICALS.

THAT our readers may have some idea of the number of Teachers' Journals, now published in this country, we propose to give a brief notice of them. The mere fact that these periodicals are in existence, furnishes the clearest evidence of progress in the cause of popular education. Fifteen years ago not one of them had a being. Our own Journal is the oldest of those now before the public, though not as at present conducted. Of the class, as at present managed, the *Massachusetts Teacher* is entitled to the precedence,—having been established in 1846,—if we mistake not. It may readily be seen what sections of our country first manifested an interest in this direction, and also what parts are now laboring, through the medium of the press, to awaken right feeling and secure right action.

But many of the Journals have had a languishing existence,—most of them a very meager support. It is not the mere existence, but the circulation and perusal of these works that will be productive of good. As a class, we are sorry to say, teachers have been exceedingly regardless of their own good and of the good of their profession in neglecting to aid in the support of Educational Journals. The proof of this is plain. It may be found in the fact that not one-fourth of all the teachers in New England, either take or read any of the periodicals devoted to the work in which they are employed. Our own Journal, with the aid it receives from the State, is now in a living condition. Under the excellent management of the late Resident Editor, Mr. Philbrick, its circulation was greatly increased. Had it not been for special efforts and pecuniary sacrifice on the part of Mr. P. and a few others, it would have ceased its existence ere this. If one-half of those now engaged in teaching in our State would become subscribers it would be well supported. And is there a single teacher within our borders who is unwilling to contribute his mite in so important a work? Shall we not have the

aid and sympathy of every teacher, and thus be enabled to increase the value and influence of the Journal? Will Acting Visitors, to whom the Journal is sent, call the attention of the teachers under their supervision, to the importance of becoming subscribers;—or if ours is not satisfactory, induce them to select some other? We would not employ as teacher any one who did not feel sufficient interest to lead him to expend one dollar per year for some educational periodical. The several State Journals named below are published monthly, and either of them may be had at \$1 per year :

THE MASSACHUSETTS TEACHER ; A. M. Gay, Resident Editor. Boston : James Robinson & Co.

This valuable Journal has entered upon its eleventh year. It is the oldest of its class,—a sort of “veteran.” We have known it from its earliest infancy. It has always sustained a good character. It is ably edited, well printed, and fairly patronized. No teacher in the Bay State should do without it; no *live* teacher will do without it. It has twelve Assistant Editors, either of whom can prepare a first rate article.

THE NEW YORK TEACHER ; J. W. Bulkley and eleven other Editors. Albany : James Cruikshank.

Friend Bulkley knows what a good Journal should be, and he has ability to make one. The New York Teacher contains more pages than most of the monthlies. It has commenced its seventh year. The March number has not yet come to hand. The February number is full of good matter. We are glad to see the names of two ladies on the Editorial Board. All right, ladies; if you are not allowed to *spea*k in public, you can *wri*te at the public, and thus accomplish far more than some do who have perfect tongue freedom.

THE OHIO JOURNAL OF EDUCATION ; John D. Caldwell, Editor ; Columbus.

Ohio has long been active in the cause of Common Schools, and this Journal, now in its sixth year, has been one of the best of its class. It has done much and is still doing much for our common cause. The “Buck Eye” State has many live teachers.

THE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL JOURNAL ; Thos. H. Burrowes, Editor. Lancaster : W. B. Wiley.

This useful periodical has nearly completed its fifth year. It is usually filled with matter of local interest, and is exerting a good influence in the “Key Stone” State. Mr. Burrowes is indefatigable in his efforts for the advancement of popular education.

MICHIGAN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION ; John M. Gregory, Editor and Publisher. Ann Arbor.

Mr. Gregory has for Associate Editors five gentlemen and three ladies. Each number of the Journal contains 32 pages of matter, mostly original. It has just entered upon the fourth year of its existence, and we trust it will long live and exert a healthful influence throughout the “Peninsula” State. It deserves a generous support.

THE ILLINOIS TEACHER; C. E. Hovey, Editor; Peoria.

This monthly comes to us in an attractive dress and is well filled with valuable matter. If the teachers of the great State of Illinois neglect to give this Journal a hearty support, they are not deserving the name of teacher. It has already survived the perilous period of infancy and commenced its third year.

THE RHODE ISLAND SCHOOLMASTER; Robert Allyn, Editor; Providence.

Rhode Island is a small State, but she "gets up" a pretty smart "Schoolmaster," and if all the teachers of the State will take lessons of him, monthly, they will profit greatly. We recommend the "boarding round" system for this Schoolmaster; he will do good wherever he may go. We will cheerfully give him a certificate for any school in New England. He not only looks well but speaks well, though only three years old. What may we not expect when he gets into his "teens?"

THE INDIANA SCHOOL JOURNAL; Geo. B. Stone, Resident Editor; Indianapolis.

This attractive monthly was just two years old in January, and yet it has quite a vigorous and mature appearance. It must do good. Among the names of Associate Editors we observe those of three ladies; and when the ladies enlist for such a cause, success is sure. The March number is quite interesting.

THE TEACHERS' ADVOCATE; J. P. Ellingwood, Editor; Dayton, Ohio.

We have seen but one or two numbers of this paper, though it has entered upon the third year of its existence. We think it a useful publication and wish it all the success it deserves.

THE WISCONSIN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION; John G. McMynn, Chairman of Editorial Committee, Racine.

The first year of this Journal closed with the issue of the February number, which is a double one, and contains the Report of the Hon. C. Barry, State Superintendent, which is quite an interesting document. We hope to extract from it hereafter. This Journal looks well.

SOUTH WESTERN SCHOOL JOURNAL; A. F. Cox, Publisher; Louisville, Ky.

This quarto paper closed its first year with December. We have not seen either number for the current year, and fear that it has died of "starvation," or "economy." The several numbers of last year were valuable. We hope it still lives.

NORTH CAROLINA SCHOOL JOURNAL. C. H. Wiley, Editor; Greensboro'.

We received several numbers of this Journal, which appeared well. None have reached us lately.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION; William L. Gage, Editor; Manchester.

Our friends in the Granite State have done well in starting this monthly. We wish them success. The three numbers now before us look well and read well.

THE VOICE OF IOWA; James L. Enos, Editor and Publisher; Cedar Rapids.

This Journal commenced with the present year. We have received the February number. It promises well.

ALABAMA EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL; Wm. D. Perry, Editor; Montgomery.

The first number of this very attractive educational quarto has just come to hand. It began with the present year. Its appearance and contents are highly creditable.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION AND COLLEGE REVIEW; Absalom Peters, Editor; New York: Calkins & Stiles.

We have received the January and February numbers of this excellent Journal which has entered upon its second year. They are filled with well written, interesting and useful articles. The Hon. S. S. Randall and Alexander Wilder, M. D., are Associate Editors of this work, and, judging from the numbers we have received, we unhesitatingly commend the work as a highly useful one. Terms \$3 per year.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF EDUCATION; Henry Barnard, Editor; Hartford, Conn.: F. C. Brownell.

This noble work completed its second volume in 1856. It has been edited with signal ability and has deserved a very extensive circulation. The numbers comprising the two volumes contained an aggregate of more than fifteen hundred pages. As a work for public and private libraries and for reference in educational matters, it has no competitor. Teachers and friends of education should not allow such a work to receive a meager support. Hereafter it will be published quarterly at \$3.00 per annum, each number to contain not less than 250 pp. We cordially and earnestly commend it to all who have any desire to know what is doing in the educational world.

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION; Dr. Ryerson, Editor; Toronto, Upper Canada.

This is one of the most valuable of the educational periodicals. It is edited with great ability and must accomplish much good. It has commenced its tenth year. A late number contains three pieces from our Journal, which, of course, must be good! Dr. Ryerson is an earnest, efficient, and successful laborer in the great work of popular education.

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION; Montreal, Lower Canada.

The first number of this Journal was issued in February. It is printed in French and English. It is edited by Pierre J. O. Chauveau, the able and efficient Superintendent of Education. The number before us is well filled with good material. Our Canada friends are on the track, and we wish them God-speed.

NOTICES AND ITEMS.

STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—We understand that the next annual meeting of the Connecticut Teachers' Association will be held in the first week of June. The place of meeting has not been definitely fixed, but it will probably be Meriden. Able lecturers have been secured, and we hope to have the largest and best teachers' meeting ever held in Connecticut. Teachers, school visitors, and friends of education, will you please remember this meeting? Make a note of it in your memorandum book. In our May number we will give you the "Bill of Fare."

TEACHERS' INSTITUTES.—The superintendent of schools has it in contemplation to hold two Institutes during the present month, more particularly for the benefit of the teachers of our summer schools. These meetings will probably

be held in Middlesex and Tolland counties. A more particular notice of the time and places will be made known by circulars. The Institutes for the other six counties will be held in the autumn.

PROF. DOWD.—We learn from the Waterbury American that much regret is felt at the resignation of Prof. D., who had labored so indefatigably and successfully for the elevation and improvement of their school system. As a token of regard his late pupils presented him with an elegant and valuable volume. Prof. D., is a gentleman of excellent spirit and good scholarship, and deserves the thanks of the Waterbury people for his labors in their behalf.

CLINTON.—The friends of education in Clinton are doing what they can to improve their schools. We recently spent several hours very pleasantly in visiting the different schools, and they appeared remarkably well. Can not our friends in this pleasant village unite and have a graded school? They are admirably situated for it, and might have one of the best graded schools in the State. Try it, good friends, try it. Westbrook, Saybrook, Essex, and Deep River, would also be much benefitted by the establishment of good graded schools.

WINDHAM COUNTY.—The teachers in this county are "wide awake," and determined to do what they can for common school improvement. On the 4th of March they had a large and interesting meeting at Scotland. The lecturers were Messrs. Foster, of Hampton; Burleigh, of Plainfield; and Walker, of Bolton. The exercises are said to have been of a highly interesting and instructive character. The Association is to meet again at CHAPLIN on Friday, the 17th inst. Will the teachers of Windham County visit Chaplin on the third Friday of this month? We hope no trifling cause will keep them away, for much good results from all such gatherings.

✍ We hope our readers will not overlook the article on "Norwich." We are confident they will not if they observe the initials of the talented writer at the end. It will be read with peculiar interest by many.

We have devoted considerable space in the present number to the different Educational Journals, because we are frequently asked if "any other States are supporting Journals?" Our readers can see that we are not alone in the work. These Journals indicate great progress.

SCHOOL REPORTS.—We have received the highly interesting and valuable School Reports of Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Cincinnati, Ohio, of which we shall speak more fully in our next. Thanks to the kind friends who sent them.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We must again crave the indulgence of our correspondents. Our "pigeon holes" still contain several valuable contributions, which we shall insert as soon as circumstances will admit. Will correspondents aim to condense their articles as much as possible, and at the same time give them a practical bearing.

✍ **BOUND VOLUMES** of the Journal for 1856 can now be procured of the publisher. Price \$1.25. Bound Vols. for 1854, '55, or '56, will be given for complete sets of Nos. for the corresponding year, AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Please in all cases send the Nos. and the money at the same time, as such matters are too numerous to recollect, and too small to keep an account of. If you wish the bound volume sent by mail, send 25 cents to pre-pay postage.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY, for schools and academies, with explanatory notes and questions for examination. By John Brocklesby, A. M. 12 mo. 323 pp. New York: Farmer, Brace & Co.

The name of Prof. Brocklesby is a good endorsement for any work of this kind. For the use of schools and academies we consider this one of the very best books now before the public, and we cordially commend it to the favorable consideration of teachers and school committees.

ELEMENTS OF METEOROLOGY, designed for schools and academies. By John Brocklesby, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Trinity College, Hartford. 12 mo. 268 pp. New York: Farmer, Brace & Co.

For the school or for the public or private library, this is a very valuable book. It is written in a clear and interesting style, and treats of the *atmosphere, Aerial phenomena, hurricanes, tornadoes, water-spouts, rain, fogs, clouds, dew, hoar-frost, snow, hail, atmospheric electricity, thunder-storms, rainbows, mirage, halos, shooting stars, &c. &c.* The book is published in good style and is fully illustrated.

THE AMERICAN DEBATER; being a plain exposition of the principles and practice of public debate. By James N. McElligott, LL. D. 12 mo. 323 pp. New York: Ivison & Phinney.

Mr. McElligott has done a good work in the preparation of this volume. It is just the book for every student to have. It contains "an account of the qualifications necessary to a good orator, as also the mode of acquiring them, the rules of order observed in deliberative assemblies, debates in full, and in outline, on various interesting topics, numerous questions for discussion, forms of a constitution for literary clubs or debating societies, &c. &c."

THE NEW YORK SPEAKER, a selection of pieces designed for academic exercises in elocution. By Warren P. Edgarton, Professor of Oratory and Rhetoric, Hudson River Institute, Clarrack, N. Y. With introductory remarks on declamation, by William Russell. 12 mo. 502 pp. New York: Mason Brothers.

This is one of the best works of the kind that we have ever seen. The selections have been made with excellent judgment, and the work is, in all respects, deserving of an extensive circulation. That the elocutionary directions are to the point, we have the fullest guaranty in the name of the distinguished elocutionist whose name is given in connection with that department.

AN ELEMENTARY COURSE OF NATURAL AND EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY, for the use of high schools and academies. By T. Tate, F. R. A. S., of Kneller Training College, England. American edition, revised and improved. By C. S. Cartée, A. M. 12 mo. 528 pp. Boston: Hickling, Swan & Brewer.

We have examined this volume with much interest. It is well printed and fully illustrated with suitable and well executed cuts. The subjects of electricity and magnetism receive much attention. We commend the work to the attention of teachers and committees.

MANUAL OF UNITED STATES HISTORY. By Samuel Eliot, Professor of History and Literature in Trinity College. 12 mo. 493 pp. Boston: Hickling, Swan & Brewer.

This work embraces the period from 1492 to 1850. It is written in a plain and interesting style, is very neatly printed, and in all particulars is deserving of a place among the very best works in this important department. It seems to us to be well arranged and peculiarly adapted to the wants of our schools. It is, withal, a very readable book.

Hickling, Swan & Brewer, the enterprising publishers of the two books last named, announce that they shall bring out, in course of the present year, Worcester's Quarto Dictionary. Please see their advertisement in this number.

LIPPINCOTT'S CABINET HISTORIES; edited by W. H. Carpenter and T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We have received from the publishers the twelve volumes of this library already published. They embrace the history of *Virginia, Georgia, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Kentucky, Illinois, Ohio, Tennessee* and *Vermont*. The several volumes are neatly printed and prettily bound, and contain, in a cheap form, very interesting and instructive histories of the several States named. They are excellent books for school and family libraries. The name of T. S. Arthur will be sufficient proof that the books are well prepared. The retail price of these works is only 42 cents per volume.

HOW TO WRITE; a pocket manual of composition and letter writing. 12 mo. 156 pp. New York: Fowler & Wells.

This little manual contains in a convenient form a great amount of useful information and valuable hints, which should be familiar to every person. Buy it and profit from it.

CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS, containing a general collection of interesting facts, traditions, biographical sketches, anecdotes, &c., relating to the history and antiquities of every town in Connecticut. Illustrated by nearly 200 engravings. By J. W. Barber. 12 mo. 580 pp. New Haven: Durrie & Peck.

The publishers have recently issued a new edition of this work. We have examined it with much interest. As a collection of facts and traditions in every town, it is a work which must possess a peculiar interest to every resident of the State. The engravings are, many of them, very correct; and probably all are accurate representations of the places as they were many years ago. In some instances a comparison of the present with the past will show a very decided change.

AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL YEAR BOOK, FOR 1857; comprising an almanac, educational statistics, teachers' directory, etc. 12 mo. 192 pp. Boston: James Robinson & Co.

This little work, prepared under the direction of Mr. A. R. Pope, will prove quite a useful book for teachers, and we trust it may be so well patronized as to warrant a new edition annually. Though it is not perfect it contains much valuable information, and should be in the possession of every teacher.

ELEMENTARY GEOLOGY. By Edward Hitchcock, D. D., late President of Amherst College. 12 mo. 424 pp. New York: Ivison & Phinney.

This highly interesting and valuable work was first published in 1840, and has already passed through twenty-four editions. This fact and the high reputation of the author, are the strongest commendation we can give. We know of no better treatise on the subject of geology. It is a good text-book for school use, and a good work for public and private libraries.

WEBB'S NORMAL READERS.

From Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., of New York, we have received the several numbers of this series of Readers, which have been before the public several years. The series contains five books. The selections are well made and the books well printed, and from the examination we have been able to give them we should commend them as among the better class of Reading books now before the public.


SCHOOL FURNITURE.—We would call the special attention of the friends of education to the advertisement of Mr. Ross. He has for many years devoted his time and attention to this important department. His school chairs and desks are in many of the new school-houses in this State, and so far as we can learn, they give entire satisfaction. As several new school-houses will soon be erected in various parts of the State, we hope those interested will examine Mr. Ross' desks and chairs. They may be seen at Mr. Brownell's in Hartford, and in the new school-houses in Norwich, and in many other parts of the State. We are confident that a true regard to comfort and economy will lead to the choice of these desks and chairs. An examination will satisfy any of the truth of this.


SCHOOL APPARATUS.—To any in want of chemical or philosophical apparatus, we commend the advertisement of Mr. Ritchie. We recently examined a set of apparatus furnished by him for the "Norwich Free Academy," and do not hesitate to express the opinion that Mr. Ritchie is one of the very best manufacturers of school apparatus in the country. Try him.

AGRICULTURAL PAPERS.—We are glad to learn that agricultural papers are receiving liberal patronage. They will do much good in many ways. Intelligent farmers make the best friends of education.

The Homestead, published in Hartford, is deserving of a place in every farmhouse of our State. Every number is well filled with good, sensible matter, and from almost any number a farmer may receive benefit enough to pay the amount of subscription. Such a paper in a family where there are children, cannot fail of exerting a good influence.

"*Moor's Rural New Yorker*," published at Rochester, New York, is another excellent agricultural and family paper, one of the very best we have ever seen.

 We would call attention to the advertisement of Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. They publish many valuable books.

 The Geographical Cards, advertised by Messrs. Colton & Co., in this number, are just the thing for the school-room. They are at once ornamental and instructive.